WILDC.A.T.S

COVERT [illegible]RMS

17
JAN

ROBINSON
CHAREST
HUBBS

MOROCCO. THERE'S A BEETLE CRAWLING ACROSS A SANDY STONE, NEARBY.

THE BEETLE IS **RARE.** AMONG COLLECTORS, **HIGHLY** SOUGHT AFTER.

SPARTAN DOESN'T SEE IT.

NOR DOES ZEALOT.

IN **NEW YORK,** THE SMELL OF **FINE COOKING** FROM A RESTAURANT NEARBY IS IGNORED BY **WARBLADE.**

AND GRIFTER...

...IN THE **FLORIDA KEYS,** FAILS TO NOTICE THE SALTY KISS OF SEA WINDS AND THE SCREAMS OF SURF AND GULLS OR THE FEEL OF THE WAVES AROUND HIS FEET.

ONE THING ONLY IS ON THEIR MINDS...
"WHERE?"

FIGHT THE CABAL...
...FIGHT AND FIND OUT...
"WHERE?"

FIND ONE OF THEM WHO KNOWS...

...WHO KNOWS...

"WHERE?"

"WHERE IS MAUL?"

NO WORD?

NOT *YET.* WE HAVE *THESE* THREE CABAL BASES WE'RE INVESTIGATING. IF THEY *DON'T* YIELD ANYTHING, WE HAVE TWO *OTHERS* TO GO ON, AT LEAST.

AND THE COMPUTERS *MAY* UNCOVER SOMETHING, BUT AS YET --

SO *WHAT* DO WE KNOW SO FAR?

WE KNOW *WHOEVER* TOOK MAUL... WHOEVER THE SHAPE-SHIFTING DAEMONITE THAT IMPERSONATED HIM WAS ALLIED *WITH*... HAD STRONG CABAL *CONNECTIONS.*

SANTINI, THE RAZOR'S NEW LEADER, TOLD US *THAT* MUCH.

BUT NO *MORE,* EXCEPT HOW MUCH HE *HATED* ME.

I DON'T THINK HE *KNEW* MUCH MORE REGARDING MAUL.

YEAH, SANTINI HATED *ME*...

... AND I HATE *THIS.* A PLAN SHOULD BE A *HONED* THING. EVERY OPTION AND VARIABLE *COVERED.*

THIS... HIT THE CABAL HARD AND HOPE WE CAN UNCOVER SOMETHING... IT'S ALL SO *PRIMITIVE.*

WHAT *ELSE* CAN WE DO?

WE DON'T HAVE MUCH *TIME.* MAUL COULD BE --

I KNOW. HE COULD BE *DEAD* BY NOW.

ALL WE CAN *DO* IS WHAT WE'RE *DOING.* HIT THE *CABAL...*

"...AND HOPE THAT SOMETHING SURFACES."

SPARTAN!

GO! GET TO THE BUILDING... TO JOHNNY FEH!

GET--

FEH!

JOHNNY FEH, CABAL CZAR...AT YOUR SERVICE.

BRAK

DO YOU... THINK... YOUR FOOLS WILL... STOP ME... GETTING TO YOU?

SLUICE

WELL, DO YOU, FEH?

HEAT PATTERN AT FOUR O'CLOCK...

...THERE!

DIE!

NEGATIVE.

ZZZZT

YEAH, I UNDERSTAND. CALL ME IF THERE'S ANY CHANGE, DOC.

VOODOO?

STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM BLAM

BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

KRA-KKH

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

I HAVE A *LEAD*, JACOB

A LEAD? A LEAD I *LIKE*.

AN INFORMATION BROKER. HE HAS WORD ON WHERE DATA OF MAUL'S LOCATION MIGHT BE.

"*MIGHT BE?*" ONLY A "*MIGHT BE?*"

THE DATA IS IN A COMPUTER SYSTEM. *HIGHLY* CLASSIFIED.

SINCE *WHEN* HAS *THAT* STOPPED US?

HEY! FINGERS!

IF YOU'RE DONE WITH THEM...

... HOW 'BOUT WE PICK UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF?

YOU WANT MORE, PIKE? YOU'RE THAT STUPID?

THAT, A MOMENT AGO, WAS A WARM-UP, BOY.

THIS IS THE MAIN EVENT.

NHH

GRRR

WHAM

OOOFF

DHH

YOU'RE DEAD, PIKE!

DEAD!

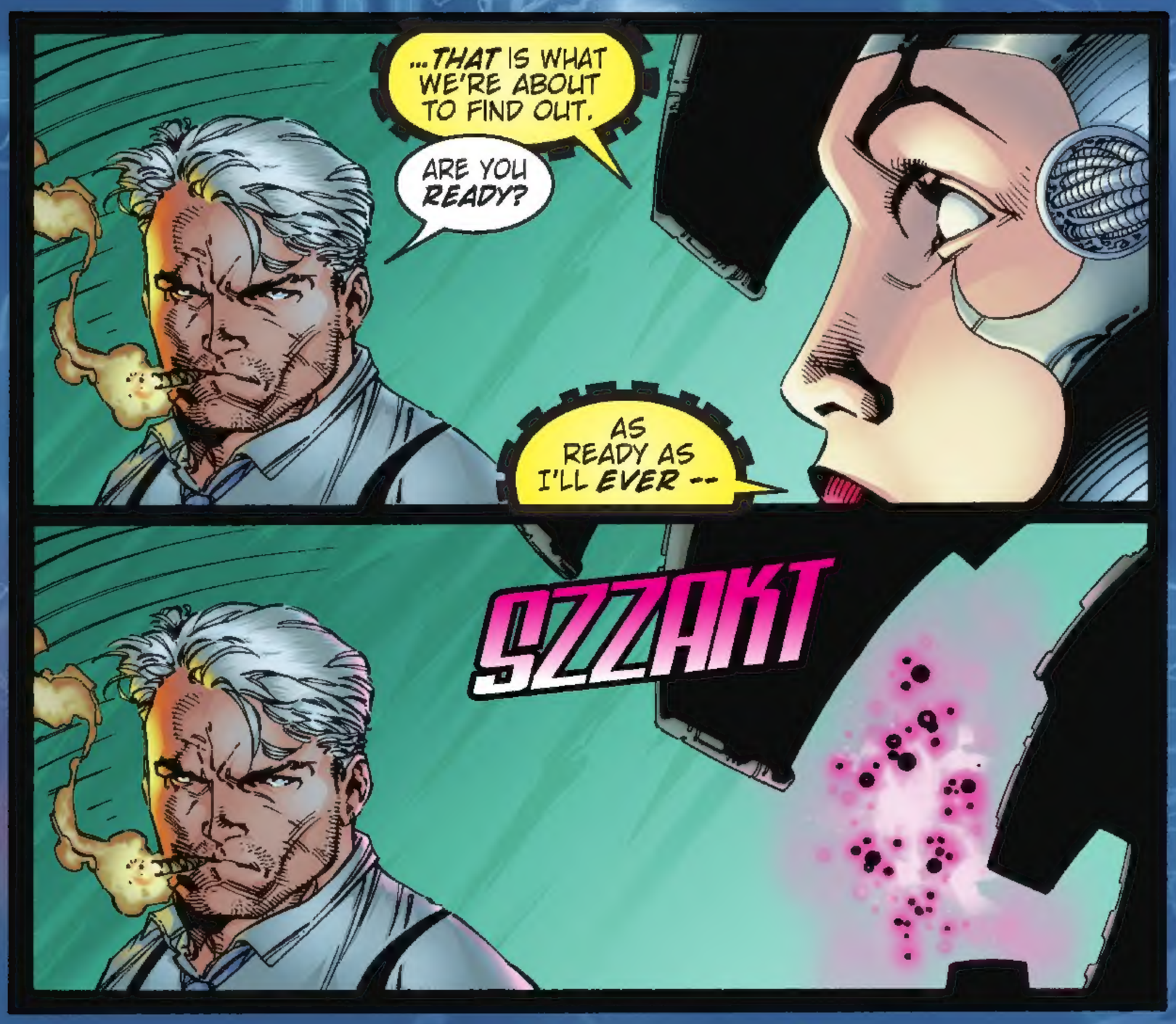
OH, YEAH, KID?

PROVE IT!

ARE YOU SURE, ADRIANNA? THAT YOU WANT TO? THAT YOU EVEN CAN?

WE HAVE NO CHOICE. WE HAVE NO TIME. HACKING IN WOULD TAKE TOO LONG.

AND AS TO WHETHER I CAN DO THIS OR NOT...



WITHIN.

WITHIN THE COMPUTER.

THERE IS A WORLD.

THE WOMAN ONCE KNOWN AS **ADRIANNA TERESHKOVA** WAS A COSMONAUT. HER **DREAM** WAS THE EXPLORATION OF THAT GREAT **BEYOND.**

HERE SHE FINDS SOMETHING FAR, **FAR,** GREATER... FAR **MORE** BEYOND...

AND THE WOMAN **NOW** KNOWN AS **VOID** REJOICES.

INTERLUDE ONE.

IN WASHINGTON D.C., **SAVANT** HAS RETURNED TO HER **OLD** LIFE.

THERE IS A WHOLE SECTOR WITHIN THE DARKEST DEPTHS OF THE **SMITHSONIAN** THAT IS **HERS.**

AND **HERE** SHE SITS. READYING FOR HER **NEXT** GRAND FORAY... A QUEST FOR A **SKULL.** A CERTAIN SKULL FROM A **GREAT** MAN **GONE.**

YET AS SHE PLANS, SO SHE SAVORS THE PEACE. LOVING THE QUIET AND THE DARK AND THE BEAUTIFUL THING SHE HOLDS WITHIN HER HANDS.

SOME CLAIM THIS TRINKET TO BE ANCIENT **AKKADIAN.**

BUT SAVANT KNOWS AN **ATLANTEAN** RELIC WHEN SHE SEES ONE.

SHE WAS **THERE,** AFTER ALL...**ONCE...**

...**LONG AGO.**

THE THOUGHT OF THIS ESSAYS A **MEMORY...** A NIGHTTIME WALK... AN ATLANTEAN ALLEYWAY WHERE THE BREEZE SEEMED TO **SING.**

THEY WERE GOOD TIMES **THEN,** REMEMBERED BY SAVANT...

...IN **THESE** THE GOOD TIMES **NOW.**

INTERLUDE TWO.

SOLDIER, TOO, RETURNED TO HIS **OLD** LIFE. A BAR. A **BRAWL.** IN LIEU OF **WAR.**

AN OLD MAN FIGHTING ALL **COMERS**... FIGHTING WITH **SAVAGE** DESPERATION, AS IF THESE DRUNKEN FOES WERE THE **TWILIGHT** OF HIS LIFE, THAT WITH **EACH** MORNING **ACHE** AND LATE NIGHT **PAIN** HE FEELS LOOM EVER CLOSER.

PINUP

by

SALVADOR LARROCA

and

SERGIO MELIA

SALVADOR
+
sergio 94

INTERLUDE THREE.

BUT IT'S A NEW LIFE FOR MAJESTIC.

OR RATHER...

A RETURN TO THE LIFE OF ONCE AGO.

CHAMPION.

PROTECTOR.

HERO!

THIS, INSTEAD OF HIDING AWAY FROM THE WORLD...

...AND THE MEMORY OF JOHN COLT.

BANK OF LA JOLLA

BANK OF LA JOLLA

Homage Pros

JA...COB.

I FOUND HIM. MAUL.

BUT YOU WON'T *BELIEVE* *WHO* HAS HIM. IT'S--

AND THE WORLD, THE COMPUTER REALM. IT'S WONDERFUL!

AND MY FINGERS AND MY EARS AND MY EYES AND MY NERVE ENDINGS ARE --

ADRIANNA, *WHOA*. STOP. WAIT. BREATHE.

YES.

I'M SORRY, JACOB. THE JOURNEY I TOOK WAS...LIKE *NONE* I'VE DREAMED OF.

DID YOU FIND IT? IS MAUL *ALIVE?*

YES, AND *UNHARMED*... FOR NOW.

THEN WE KNOW, *FINALLY*... THEN WE HAVE *TIME*.

TIME *ENOUGH* TO PULL THE OTHER 'C.A.T.S OUT OF *WHEREVER* THEY ARE.

THAT'S *GOTTA* BE THE *FIRST* PRIORITY.

I UNDER-STAND.

RETRIEVAL.

VNNNN

YOU FEELING LEFT OUT?

HERE, HAVE SOME, TOO.

PHAM

AAAHH!

VVVV

COLE.

VVVV

BAMM

BAMM

PNK

PNK

VNNNNN

RENO.

GHH

NNN

VNNNN

PIKE HAD A DREAM.

NO, NOT A DREAM. HE'D BEEN IN ARIZONA AMONG THE **SHAMAN**, AND THE **PEYOTE BUDS** HAD BEEN PLENTIFUL AND **STRONG**, AND WHAT HE'D EXPERIENCED WAS MORE A **VISION**.

YES, A VISION. AND IN IT HE **KILLED** A **WILDC.A.T.**

WHICH ONE HE DOESN'T RECALL...DOESN'T RECALL IF THE VISION EVEN **REVEALED** THAT.

AND ANY 'C.A.T WILL **DO**. A TROPHY. A SIGN HE'S AS **GOOD**. HE **HOPED**...THOUGHT THAT **THIS** NIGHT...THAT WARBLADE **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN THE **ONE**.

OH, WELL. THERE **WILL** BE **OTHER** NIGHTS. **OTHER ENCOUNTERS.**

THAT VISION WILL YET COME TO PASS.

SPEAK! NOW! WHO'S BEHIND THIS?! WHERE IS OUR BROTHER?

I... I DON'T KNOW WHERE. BUT WHO... A DAEMONITE LORD... HE SEEKS POWER. HE PLOTS. NOTHING IS AS IT APPEARS.

THE NAME. NOW! MY BLADE THIRSTS!

YOU KNOW HIM AS--

WE'VE FOUND HIM. AWAY.

VNNNN

"IT'S TOO LATE," THINKS FEH. EVEN THOUGH THE BLADE HAS LEFT HIS THROAT, HE'S STILL DEAD.

AS GOOD AS.

ENOUGH PEOPLE HEARD HIM BEGIN HIS BETRAYAL. HIS KILL ORDER WILL BE ISSUED WITHIN THE HOUR. HE KNOWS THAT.

FEH WONDERS WHAT MEAL TO ORDER COOKED, AND WHICH OF HIS WOMEN TO HAVE BROUGHT TO HIS CHAMBERS -- FINAL PLEASURES BEFORE DEATH.

HE BREATHES HARD. AND SUDDENLY, THAT BREATH... THAT AND EVERY BREATH HE HAS LEFT... IS ALL THE SWEETER.

SKYWATCH.

MAUL.

ONE OF THE WILDC.A.T.S.

WHO FROM THE WHAT?

HE'S CALLED MAUL, THOUGH THAT MUCH IS SUPPOSED TO BE CLASSIFIED.

WE'VE GOT BITS AND PIECES ABOUT THE WILDC.A.T.S IN THE COMMAND FILES, THINGS PICKED UP FROM VARIOUS SIGHTINGS OVER THE PAST YEAR OR SO.

THEY'RE FREELANCE OPERATIVES OF SOME KIND. WE DON'T KNOW WHO THEY WORK FOR...

...OR WHERE THEIR LOYALTIES LIE.

BUT WHY WOULD THEY SEND THIS...THING... TO DO WHAT IT DID?

I DON'T THINK WE KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT THEM TO EVEN HAZARD A GUESS AT THIS POINT.

WE'LL FIND OUT, THOUGH. STORMWATCH WON'T LET --

DIVA, WHAT'S GOING--?

SHE'S ONE OF THE WILDC.A.T.S--

--THEIR TRANSPORTER!

STOP HER!

SHE'S TAKING--

GONE...

SO, *WHEN* DO WE START CUTTING INTO THE *ALIEN STIFF?*

DANNY, I SAID I WANTED A FILLET OF FISH.

YEAH. WITH CHEESE AND MAYO.

WELL, IF THIS IS *IT*, THEN IT'S THE *REDDEST, BEEFIEST* FILLET OF FISH I EVER SAW.

I.B. DEAD

DID THEY GET MY ORDER WRONG? DAMN. SORRY, MAN. HERE, I GOT A GRILLED CHICKEN SANDWICH. YOU'LL EAT THAT?

I GUESS. GIMME.

YEAH. YOU'RE WELCOME.

SO.

SO, *WHEN* DO WE START *CUTTING* THE ALIEN?

I.O. WANTED IT *YESTERDAY.*

WHAT EXCUSE DID YOU GIVE THEM?

THE COMPUTERS WE USE TO WEIGH THE ORGANS *CRASHED.* TOLD THEM IT WOULD TAKE TWO DAYS TO GET THE THINGS UP, RUNNIN', AND REBOOTED.

COOL.

SO, TOMORROW?

NAH. THE DAY *AFTER.*

THIS HEAT. SLIDE THE STIFF BACK INTO HIS *DRAWER* AFTER WE CHOW DOWN.

'KAY.

HEY, I WAS *THINKING,* HOW ABOUT *VEGAS* THIS WEEKEND? DITCH THE WIVES. YOU FEELING *LUCKY?*

YOU KNOW, I *AM.* YEAH, VEGAS. COOL. SEE IF MY LUCK HOLDS--

NO. YOUR LUCKY DAYS ARE *OVER...*

SZZAK

...HUMAN.

MISTER WHITE...

...AWAKEN!

CONTINUED

WildC.A.T.s®
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#17

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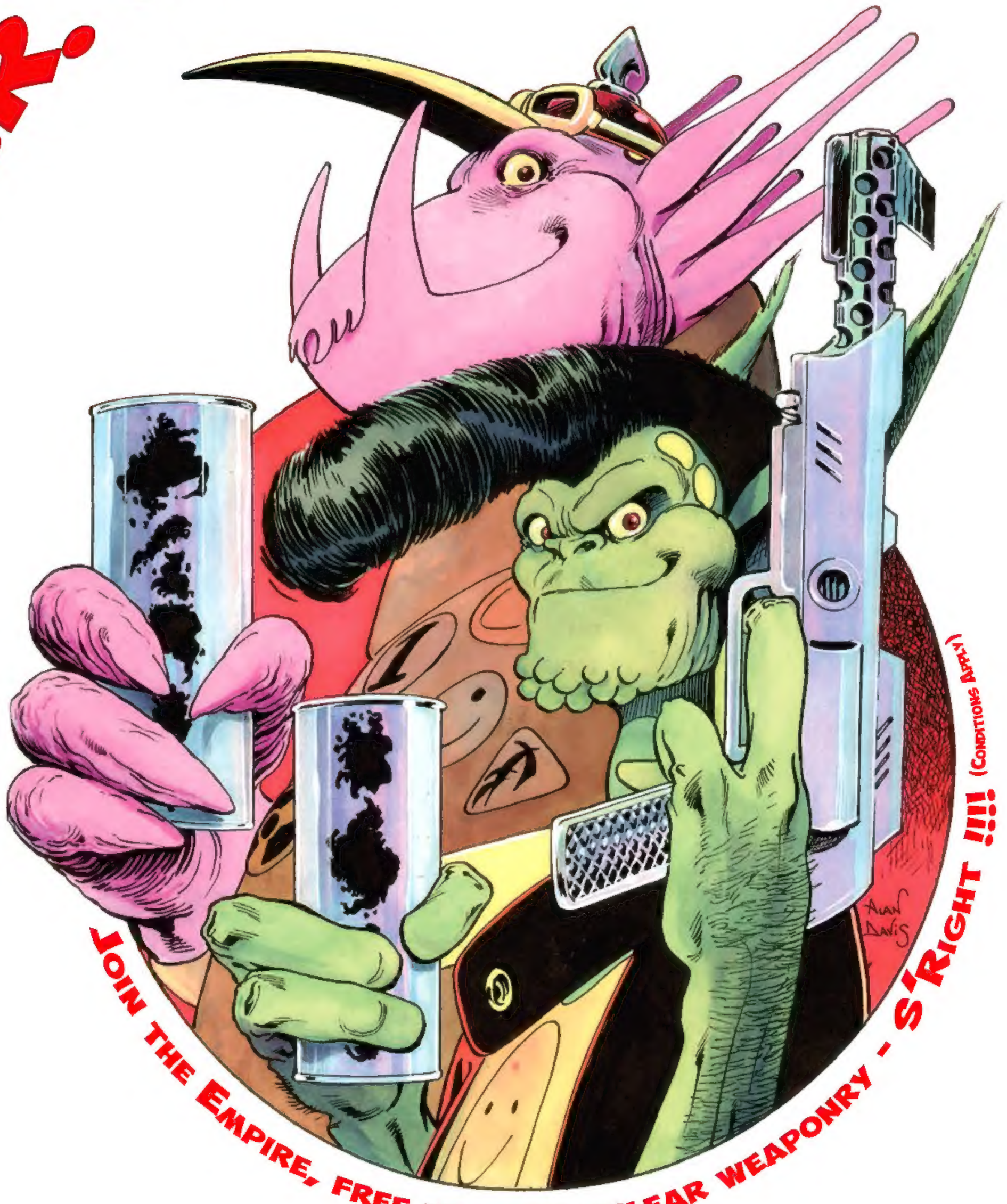

JOIN THE EMPIRE, FREE THERMONUCLEAR WEAPONRY - S'RIGHT !!!! (CONDITIONS APPLY)

K6 NW